

COMPLAINT.

princely fauours I did dayly finde,  
number many, those that did excell.

Which should I reckon, time I might be spending,  
But tongue would faint, before it came to ending.

ch mightie king, as he his crowne atchived,  
ad one an other in his throne succeeded,  
wr'd forth his plenty, and my state releaved,  
od cause at last, that I but little needed,  
Well may he swim, withouten dread to drowne,  
Whose chin vpheld, is sau'd from sinking downe.

so w<sup>th</sup> mine, immortall may they be,  
whom my good, by whom my glorie raised,  
ol'd their acts in all eternitie,  
en worlds do want, yet let their deeds bepraised,  
that my words or praiers may preuaile,  
efore their praises world and time should faile.

in my first founders thus haue I encreased,  
or'd of those, the Diadem aduaunced,  
ce with their deaths, their large deuotions ceased  
by their deaths, my better fortunes chaunced.  
s one gaue place, and left what he intended,  
he next successor what he found amended.

famous king (of zeale) dooth me endew,  
wished freedomes and immunitiess,  
ext, confirmes, augmenting it with new,  
raunts most large and ample libertiees.  
is my dispersed members stronglie knitteth,  
other, decks with names which worship fitterth.

But & I<sup>ll</sup>, am Dic<sup>o</sup>nius In

Nobilitas oris.  
Decorus vestig<sup>o</sup>  
portis. Ar gladiatoria

And

And

Ar

Bar bare

Present<sup>s</sup> good fust<sup>z</sup> & th<sup>z</sup>le or dict<sup>z</sup> abit

Present<sup>s</sup> good fust<sup>z</sup> & th<sup>z</sup>le or dict<sup>z</sup> abit

## LONDONS

In sundrie titles worshipfull I was,  
Yet worship was no end of my ascending,  
From worship vnto honor I did passe,  
And there I leue, an honorable ending.  
Illustrious kings, whom maiestie did moue,  
Did still contend, to grace me with their loue.

From *Lud* vnto *Eliza*, thus I fared,  
Sacred *Eliza*, *Empresse of the west* :  
To whom the world yeelds none to be compared  
A Saint, a Virgin, and a *Queene* the least,  
Mirror of women, all mens admiration,  
The worlds wonder, heauens sweet contemplation.

Vouchsafe (O goddesse) to my mazed sprites,  
My sprites, amazed at thy maiestie,  
Thy maiestie, my fainting young recites,  
To base to blazon thine eternitie.

Pardon (O Princesse) my to-barren muse,  
Vnworthie farre, thy glorious name to vse.

London (O Goddesse) freely dooth confesse,  
Bound by thy bountie and magnificence :  
That hart not thinkes, nor tongue can well expre  
Nor words, nor worth, can yeeld due recompence  
Words, for thy praises, hart cannot devise,  
Nor for requitall, may whole worlds suffice.

Long maist thou liue, faire Londons wished bliss,  
Long maist thou raigne, faire Albions happines,  
Liue, raigne and bee, when that no being is,  
Triumphant ouer all, that wish thee lesse.

Johan: Hackett

Balthasaris Castilionis Co-  
mitis De Curiali siue Aulico  
Libri quatuor, ex Italico  
sermone in Latinum  
conuersi. L-15-16

Bartholomæo Clerke Anglo  
Cantabrigiensi Interpretæ.

Nouissimè Æditi,



LONDINI  
apud Thomam Dauson  
Tipographum.

Anno Domini  
1585.